

*The Comical Historie of*

He pleyes the Duke at morning and at night,  
And doth impeach the freedom of the state  
If they deny him Iustice. Twenty Merchants,  
The Duke himselfe, and the Magnificos  
Of greatest port have all perswaded with him,  
But none can drive him from the envious plea  
Of forfeiture, of Iustice, and his Bond.

*Iess.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear  
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his countrey-men,  
That he would rather have *Antonio's* flesh  
Then twenty times the value of the summe  
That he did owe him: and I know my lord,  
If Law, authority, and power deny not,  
It will go hard with poore *Antonio*.

*Por.* Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The deereft friend to mee, the kindest man,  
The best conditiond and unwearied spirit  
In doing curtesies: and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appeares,  
Then any that draws breath in *Italy*.

*Por.* What summe owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me three thousand Ducats.

*Por.* What no more, pay him six thousand, and deface the bond.  
Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
Before a friend of this description  
Shall lose a haire through *Bassanio's* fault.  
First go with me to Church, and call me wife,  
And then away to *Venice* to your friend;  
For never shall you lie by *Portia's* side  
With an unquiet soule. You shall have gold  
To pay the perry debt twenty times over.  
When it is paid, bring your true friend along,  
My maid *Nerrissa*, and my selfe meane time  
Will live as Maides and Widdowes; come away,  
For you shall hence upon your wedding day:  
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheere,  
Since you are deere bought, I will love you deere.  
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

*Sweet*

*the Merchant of Venice.*

*Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscaried, my Creditors grow  
cruell, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forsaie, and since in  
paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you  
and I, I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your  
pleasure, if your love do not perswade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love I dispatch all businesse and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,  
I will make haste; but till I come againe,  
No bed shall ere be guilty of my stay,  
Nor rest be interposer twixt us twaine.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Jew, and Salerio, and Antonio,  
and the Iaylor.*

*Jew.* Iaylor, looke to him, tell act me of mercy,  
This is the foole that lent out money gratis.  
Iaylor, looke to him.

*Anth.* Heare me yet good *Shyllocke*,

*Jew.* He have my bond, speak not against my bond,  
I have sworne an oath, that I will have my bond:  
Thou call'st me dog before thou hadst a cause,  
But since I am a dog, beware my phangs,  
The Duke shall grant me Iustice; I do wonder  
Thou naughty Iaylor that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request.

*An.* I pray thee heare me speak.

*Jew.* He have my bond, I will not heare thee speake,  
He have my bond, and therefore speak no more.  
He not be made a soft and dulle yde foole,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yeeld  
To Christian intercessors: follow not,  
He have no speaking, I will have my bond.

*Exit Jew.*

*Sol.* It is the most impenetrable curre  
That ever kept with men.

*An.* Let him alone,

He follow him no more with bootlesse prayers.  
He seeks my life, his reason well I know;  
I oft deliverd him his forfeitures.

*F 3.*

*Many*